

# Lemon Demon, Treasure Map

Happily this afternoon,  
Along the beach I waddle,  
Looking at the sand,  
I spy an old, forgotten bottle.

I scoop it up, and look at it,  
My eyes go big and wide,  
For heavens yes, there seems to be,  
A treasure map inside.

Somewhere at the tail-end,  
Of this twisty dotted line,  
A chest of gold awaits,  
And soon it's going to be mine.

I buy a sturdy shovel,  
Since the treasure will be deep,  
I buy expensive boots,  
Because my old ones are too cheap.

I buy a fancy compass,  
And a treasure hunting cap,  
And off I set into the forest,  
Eyes upon my map.

So carefully I trace the pathway,  
Every little bend,  
It's almost getting dark,  
Before at last i reach the end.

I'm so excited, I can't help,  
but do a little jig.  
I calm myself, take out my shovel,  
And proceed to dig.

I dig and dig, and dig and dig  
Until my hands begin to hurt  
Then finally! My teasure chest,  
All worn and caked in dirt.

But when I look inside the chest,  
I only find a note,  
Upon it is the simple little message,  
And I quote:

"Everybody wants to find a buried treasure chest,  
But noone wants to bury one,  
If you do,  
Be my guest"

- Pirates are assholes.